

PR
5236
R7354f

Ross

A Factory Child's Father's Reply
to the Factory Child's Mother

A
A
0
0
0
3
7
8
0
5
7
4



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

BY W
BR



THE
FACTORY CHILD'S FATHER'S

REPLY TO THE
FACTORY CHILD'S MOTHER.

A POEM
BY JAMES ROSS,

AN OPERATIVE,

Leeds.

TO WHICH ARE SUBJOINED
POEMS BY TWO LADIES.

LEEDS:

PRINTED BY HERNAMAN AND PERRING,
AT THE INTELLIGENCER-OFFICE,
BY WHOM IT IS SOLD; AND BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN LEEDS,
BRADFORD, HALIFAX, HUDDERSFIELD, DEWSBURY,
WAKEFIELD, KEIGHLEY, &c.

“ Would to God we might have come to a resolution as to the hours innocent and helpless children are henceforth to be laboured in these pursuits, so as to render the preservation of their health and life probable, and the due improvement of their minds and morals possible. Would to God we had decided as we could wish others to decide regarding our own children under like circumstances, or, as we shall wish we had done when the Universal Parent shall call us to strict account for our conduct to one of the least of these little ones.”

*Sadler's Speech on the Factory Bill in the House
of Commons, March 16, 1832.*

PR

5236

R 7354 f

ODE.

(An Offering to the Cause, by a Lady.)

CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

Thanks! eternal thanks to the God of Heaven,
For the friends he hath in mercy given
To us poor children!

Thanks to the gen'rous brave
Who nobly fight to save
The poor little factory slave!

I.

Còme lads and lasses all,
Let us hasten to the Sylvan Hall,
Let us carol to the skies
SADLER, and his brave allies.
There, amid the ambient air,
We'll chaunt our innocent prayer,
And pour along
The sweetest melody of song;
To heavenly notes
We'll tune our little throats,
And humbly raise
An altar to their praise.

Hail! noble SADLER, hail!
 Beneficent and kind,
 Friend of the fatherless and poor,
 Friend to all mankind—
 Ten thousand thousand thanks
 Are due to thee
 From us, and all who wear
 The chain of slavery.
 While thou art in the land,
 Justice must and shall command
 The tyrants of this favoured isle
 To give it back our infant smile.
 While SADLER waves the wand
 Of Mercy in his gentle hand,
 In rapturous strains,
 Amid verdant plains,
 The shepherd's pipe is heard to say,
 "No longer shall the tyrant slay;
 "No longer shall he dare
 "To make our infants wear
 "The murderous chain
 "Which God Himself shall rend in twain."
 Peace, noble SADLER, peace to thee!
 In life, in death, and through Eternity.
 Hibernia's gallant sons will ever bless thy name,
 And 'grave it on the monument of Fame.

II.

Hail! fearless OASTLER, hail!
 Christian Warrior, hail!

Dear Captain of our band,
Thou shalt have the praise of all the land,
 And Heaven's sacred laws
 Will ever plead thy righteous cause.
 In compassion thou hast heard our piteous wail
 And kindly listened to our simple tale.
 Oh ! that we might tell the monarch on his throne,
 How thou hast made our griefs thine own,
 And wept the tear of bitterness
 To see our infant wretchedness !
 We cannot tell how oft thine heart hath bled
 Nor count the tears which thou hast shed
 For us. Thy unceasing prayers have risen
 As sweetest incense to the Court of Heaven.
 No power on earth can e'er express
 One half thy love and tenderness
 To save our guiltless blood,
 And for the glory of the Lord,
 Foremost in the battle thou hast stood,
 Girt with the armour of our God.
 No eye hath seen,
 Nor hath there ever been
 A warrior in the field
 Who wore a stronger shield
 Against the deadly arrows
 Of our banded foes :
 Oh ! that history's faithful page
 May tell in every land and every age,
 How, with the word of truth, thou hast defied
 The subtle Serpent, who has vainly tried

With the curs'd poison of his breath to blind
 The eyes of those who would be kind ;
 Of those who cannot bear
 The wild, the savage glare
 Of that foul fiendish eye
 Which makes us long to die !
 Oh ! that all the earth might know
 How thou has dared the deadly foe,
 How thou hast caught him in his lair,
 And laid his treachery bare ;
 In the scorching heat of day
 Thou hast crush'd the Viper as he lay,
 In quiet, feeding
 On hearts which still are bleeding !
 Dear OASTLER, honoured and revered,
 Faithful servant of the Lord, thou hast not fear'd
 The guilty horde of Factory men,
 Nor the chilling frown of crafty men.
 Like a mighty torrent from the distant hills,
 Thou hast poured the truth against the noisome mills.
 Peace and Mercy were with thee,
 Crown'd with the wreath of Liberty ;
 No cruel weapon didst thou wave
 O'er the tyrant of the British Slave ;
 Thou didst not sweep
 The colour from his cheek,
 Or bow his haughty head
 With aught that man has said ;
 But with the Spirit's piercing sword,
 With God's most Holy Word.

Know ye proud Oppressors of the Poor,
That the judgments of the Lord are sure

And righteous altogether :

Ye shall be afflicted, and have no comforter ;

Ye shall die and be no more.

Ye who stain your names with infant gore,

Cursed ARE, and cursed shall ye be !

Base workers of iniquity,

“ Loose the bonds, and set the captives free,”

They shall no longer wear—the yoke of slavery !

III.

With grateful hearts we'll hymn thy praise

Noble,—generous WOOD—though we cannot raise

Thy philanthropic name—

Thou has gone beyond the reach of fame :

It is written

In the Immortal Book of Heaven.

IV.

Thanks, PERRING, thanks to thee,

For thy love of liberty.

Thanks for the sweet and lovely flowers

Which thou hast brought from nature's bowers

And scattered o'er the page of truth ;

They will please both age and youth,

And charm the eye

Of every passer by ;

They cannot fail to captivate

The iron-hearted man who dares to advocate

Oppression's cause and deeds most reprobate !

V.

In eloquence of strength, FOSTER, thou hast told
 The list'ning crowd how the sordid worshipper of gold,
 Fool-monster of our race,
 Hath dared to shew his shameless face,
 And blast our land with tyranny—
 The tyranny of Infant Slavery.

VI.

And are there not *others* in the sacred band
 Who've fought the fight
 And brought to light
 The horrors which disgrace our native land?
 Oh, yes! long might the list stretch out,—
 Too long for poet's feeble pen—
 But OSBURN, HALL, and BULL are men
 Whose names must be recorded;
 To them respect and gratitude are due;
 To them we raise glad Welcome's shout;
 To them, in praise, willingly afforded,
 We lift our voices true,
 And cry, "All hail! Pursue the path of duty,
 "And ye shall gain that meed which exceeds e'en the
 smile of Beauty—
 "The heartfelt thanks of suffering Infancy!"

VII.

Oh England! England! till thine infant bands are free,
 Thou can'st not rear the Tree of Liberty!
 In a Christian Land children are, and ought to be,
 As sweet flowers nurtured for Eternity!

THE FACTORY CHILD'S FATHER'S
R E P L Y
TO THE
FACTORY CHILD'S MOTHER.

PREFACE.

Why should I, a poor Operative, obtrude my untutored thoughts on the public ear? Simply because I am the father of Factory Children, and I love them and their friends, and am disgusted at the two-facedness of the "Airedale Poet," who is also the father of Factory Children; but who can smother his love for them under his love for gin! After having been well paid for writing part of a poem in favor of "*The Factory Child*," he, to gain the means of gratifying his sottish propensity, forgets his children, and employs his remaining energies to write a book called "*The Factory Child's Mother*," in which he ridicules his former performance, and pleads for the continued slavery of his children! He bargains for the printing of this proof of his apostacy, and gets it "puffed" at the only press, and by the only "editors,"* who fight the battle for tyranny under the false designation of "LIBERALS."

This work is intended as a reply to the "Airedale Poet's" lines entitled "*The Factory Child's Mother*," it is written with no hostile feelings towards the Factory Masters, but with the deepest regret that "JOHN NICHOLSON" should have disgraced himself by his poetry, and outraged "HIS WIFE" by giving his production her name. The author makes no pretensions to poetical talent. He loves his children, and would fain emancipate them and all other infant slaves. His inspiration is his love of justice and equity. He speaks the sentiments of his heart freely; and, as a respecter of uprightness, he cannot but despise the turpitude of the man who will sacrifice his principles and his feelings to a little paltry gain. Such a man JOHN NICHOLSON has proved himself to be.

J. ROSS.

* Messrs. Edward Baines and Son, of the Leeds Mercury.

THE
FACTORY CHILD'S FATHER'S
REPLY.

As I am a father of daughters and sons,
I am fully aware how a woman's tongue runs,
Then while I reply to the silly old dame,
Your kindest attention I venture to claim.

FATHER.

Awake my little darling wake,
It is the Sabbath day ;
And to the school thyself betake,
To learn to read and pray.

Thy Father's heart burns hot with rage,
To hear thy "Mother" say,
That infants of such tender age,
Must earn the rent we pay.

Ah, dearest lamb, I see thou art
Oppressed with thy toil ;
Or thy dear, gentle, willing heart,
Would not at school recoil.

Thy drunken "Mother" does not mind,
 About thy precious soul ;
 As long as ever she can find,
 A tankard or a bowl.

Poor wretched creature she betray'd
 Her child for paltry gold ;
 But thy fond Father lends his aid,
 Before thy freedom's sold.

CHILD.

Alas ! my Father, can it be,
 That we are still to weep ;
 Within the cursed factory,
 When we should be asleep ?

Still working while we eat our food,
 Our comforts all are lost ;
 We blasted are while in the bud,
 As plants nipp'd by the frost.

FATHER.

My child, my child, I tell thee now
 Thy "Mother" she denies
 The tears that from thy eyes fast flow—
 Likewise thy piercing cries.

She says that riches now are might,
 Which will for ever reign,
 And though that may be wrong or right,
 No one ought to complain !

Her *bribe* will very soon be done,
 And then again thou must
 Be banish'd from the mid-day sun
 To breathe 'mong steam and dust.

CHILD.

Out of the book my "Mother" wrote,
 This system to expose,
 An extract I to you will quote,
 You'll know it I suppose :—

" Poor gentle Mary goes with heart oppress'd,
 " Hungry and tir'd ; high heaves her pensive breast ;
 " Her little hands besmear'd with dye and oil,
 " Depict the drudg'ry of her infant toil ;
 " Her youthful face how ting'd with anxious care,
 " Her strength how weaken'd by the tainted air.
 " No language can her secret griefs reveal ;
 " Yet hearts there are that do not, will not feel.
 " Her rights to plead, and to set forth her wrongs,
 " Would furnish matter for a thousand tongues :
 " E'en BROUGHAM's eloquence would greatly fail,
 " To paint her woes ! Her own plain artless tale,
 " The simple statements of her infant tongue,
 " Speak louder facts than ever Bards have sung.
 " See, how in sorrowing mood and all alone,
 " She mourns her hapless fate in pensive tone ;
 " Pours out her soul in floods of burning tears,
 " Hopeless in grief, and rack'd with torturing fears ;

“ She to herself recounts each secret grief,
 “ Heaves fruitless sighs, and vainly seeks relief ;
 “ Weeping in solitude without restraint,
 “ She thus bemoans, and utters her complaint :
 “ ‘ Ah me that I should be to sorrow born,
 “ The victim of reproach and human scorn,
 “ Compelled with weary limbs, and aching head,
 “ In ceaseless toil to earn my daily bread.
 “ My Mother ! when you liv’d I knew no care ;
 “ Your tender heart did all my sorrows bear,
 “ Hush’d every fear, and chas’d my tears away :
 “ How welcome then the sweet returning day !
 “ But now morning breaks, ere the doleful bell
 “ Strikes on my ear with melancholy knell ;
 “ I must obey, its summons bids me go
 “ To spend another day of human woe.
 “ What shall I do ? ah whither shall I fly ?
 “ To whom for succour shall I now apply ?
 “ There’s none, there’s none to whom I can impart,
 “ The varied griefs that agitate my heart ;
 “ Tired, hungry, faint, and oft with fears distressed
 “ (Whilst thoughts of home distract my anxious breast ;)
 “ I spend the sad, the slow revolving day,
 “ Striving in vain to cast dull care away ;
 “ And when at night I’d close my eyes to sleep,
 “ I’m oft, through sisters’ sighs, constrained to weep :
 “ With scanty cov’ring, and yet scantier meal,
 “ They cry, scarce conscious of the woes they feel,
 “ At last tir’d nature fails, and soft repose
 “ Steals gently on to mitigate their woes.

" Thus day by day time slowly rolls along,
 " Whilst I, inur'd to wretchedness, and wrong
 " Without redress, or hope of sweet release,
 " Breathe out my soul a stranger still to peace ;
 " Yet will I not forget a mother's care,
 " Who taught my infant tongue to lisp in prayer.
 " To thee O God I raise my weeping eyes ;
 " I ask thy aid who reign'st above the skies ;
 " Thou cloth'st the grass, and doth for sparrows care,
 " Nor wilt thou e'er disdain an infant's prayer ;
 " Oh, let thy gracious pity lend an ear,
 " Send forth relief, and mitigate my fear ;
 " Bid the relentless heart with pity melt,
 " And pierce the soul that never yet has felt.
 " Thou only canst the stony heart remove,
 " And Thou canst change the tyrant's hate to love.
 " Let now my prayer with Thee acceptance find,
 " And save me Lord who died'st to save mankind.'
 " Such tender lambs, ere seven short years have past,
 " Must shiver in the morning's wintry blast ;
 " While others' sleep, and laugh their tears to scorn,
 " These children (early, wretched, and forlorn,)
 " Must leave their beds and to the factory go,
 " Through wind and rain, or through the trackless snow,
 " Their feet benumb'd, their fingers pinch'd with cold,
 " Such state of suffering scarcely can be told ;
 " Ah, see their haggard looks, their frozen tears ;
 " Their inward anguish but too plain appears !
 " See in their hearts conflicting passions war,
 " Who these oppress, strict justice must abhor."

When Mary's tale broke on our ears
 We thought, how like our own !
 Then from our eyes the tickling tears,
 In copious showers fall down.

FATHER.

Unto thy Father now attend,
 Thou child of misery ;
 And thou shalt hear how kind a friend,
 Thy " Mother " is to thee.

The lines that thou to me hast shewn,
 Which she has penn'd thou says ;
 May probably be all her own,
 For she writes many ways.

One book she wrote, and it she nam'd,
 The Factory Infant's Mother ;
 Of which I hope she'll be asham'd,
 And never write another.

I will a few lines from it take,
 That plain it may be shewn,
 The things I've said, I did not make,
 But are in truth her own :—

" Why blind us with a simple factory bill ?

" We are awake and see the greatest ill—

" It is not cruelty, as late was said,

" That keeps my factory children out of bed ;

“ I have no gains, nor ever use you hard,
 “ And week by week you get your due reward.
 “ As soon expect the goat a sheep to turn,
 “ As soon behold the mighty ocean burn,
 “ As soon shall ev’ry church change to a mill,
 “ As Parliament to grant a Ten Hours Bill.
 “ As Justice now I hold the balance fair,
 “ Where money is, that must be kept with care ;
 “ And as the balance should be lifted even,
 “ Instead of Ten, blind Justice cries *Eleven*.
 “ And shall some pirate her true compass take,
 “ The vessel scuttle, and her foremast break ?
 “ Within the ship are Yorkshire’s brightest hopes,
 “ Though children are on board to guide the ropes.
 “ For *time* is all the factory children’s store,
 “ Rob them of that, you make them doubly poor.
 “ But now they see their portion is their time,
 “ And neither speeches, noisy prose, nor rhyme,
 “ Nor those who must express a feeling soul,
 “ Shall o’er the hours of Britons have controul.
 “ There was a time when honour and applause
 “ Attended SADLER in the factory cause ;
 “ But when at once the deep-laid plot was seen,
 “ His glory vanish’d as it had not been :
 “ The spell is broke, the factory children know ;
 “ These see they wanted honour from their woe,
 “ They know except they to the mills are sent,
 “ They must be houseless when there is no rent ;
 “ And greater joys have they each ended day,
 “ Than those who idle all their time away—

" A glorious supper, and soft rest in bed,
 " Their labour not so hard as has been said ;
 " Send them to place, each factory child would fain
 " Return with joy to factories again.
 " And where the wisdom now to bind in chains
 " The only hope which for us all remains ?
 " Not half so happy, when our trade has smil'd,
 " As is the cottage of the factory child."

So now my child do not repine,
 No one believes her cant ;
 He that the water turn'd to wine,
 Will yet thy freedom grant.

But to the school now quickly haste,
 Instruction to receive ;
 The Sabbath we should never waste,
 Time lost we can't retrieve.

Pray to the Lord with all thine heart,
 Tell him thy grief and care ;
 Nor ever from that God depart,
 Who hears an infant's prayer.

A double tongue, a double heart,
 A double eye has He,
 Who thus can act a double part,
 Must sink in infamy !



This kind-hearted "Mother," so flush of her tales,
 Now likens our trade to a vessel that sails,
 Yet when she descants on the burdens it bears,
 She strangely forgets her own infant's tears!!
 If poor little children, whose strength is so small,
 Must steer this huge ship in a boist'rous squall,
 While men who are able, and willing likewise,
 To keep her afloat when fierce tempests arise,
 Must idle remain because captains wont hire
 On plea that their service they do not require,
 Those weapons which NICHOLSON likens to wood
 Will pierce through her sides, for their wielder is God.
 —Then captains and pilots may bribe mother NICH,
 She can't stop the leakage, the waves flow too quick.
 —Then Huddersfield, Bradford, and Leeds may unite
 To keep up the system of sailing by night,
 And foolish old women, still spin out their rhyme
 About sinking our commerce through working short time,
 Yet the Gale of Humanity blows o'er the dales,
 And justice and reason have hoisted their sails,
 While pure Christianity, strong and complete,
 With the Arm of Benevolence steers well our fleet!
 And though they may boast that *their* vessel is proof
 'Gainst fire,—the Ten-Hour-Bill shall shortly unroof,
 And fearfully shew all the horrors within,
 Where children are used, as if not worth a pin.

Though some of these ships are built so secure
 With walls high and thick, that will ages endure;
 And infantile slaves, who are working within,
 Groan unheeded by all 'midst confusion and din,

Yet their sighs will ascend to the ears of the Lord,
 And bring down his wrath by plague, famine, and sword.
 —I, alas, know too well, how their health is destroyed,
 Through working long hours, for I'm also employ'd
 In one of those vessels, where cruelties lurk,
 And where morning oft blushes to find them at work.

You talk of the children on Craven's high hills,
 Whose round faces are proofs that they work not in mills.
 Then let us draw nearer where tyranny reigns,
 And boldly endeavour to break off their chains ;
 Crying shame on those mothers who yet would enslave
 And dispatch their poor babes to a premature grave.
 But parents there be which are quite the reverse,
 Who think working long hours is our heaviest curse ;
 For hundreds of children we very well know
 Run barelegg'd and barefoot, through frost and through
 snow.

They, before this foul system in Yorkshire began,
 (When trade was, in truth, on a much better plan),
 Were kept by their parents, and amply supplied
 With life's needful comforts—that now they're denied ;
 And each must now labour instead of its sire,
 Who would gladly work for them if masters would hire.

Where, then, are the blessings this system creates ?
 In England ?—or are they in some foreign states ?
 I kindly request Mother JOHN to look round,
 And show to the world where such comforts are found.
 Let her rise from her bed in a morning at five,

And witness poor children, like bees from a hive,
 Dart in swarms through the streets at the bell's noisy
 call,
 Although hail, rain, or snow, in torrents may fall—
 Sure her heart would then melt, t'were not harden'd
 by gold,
 To see such poor innocents pierc'd with the cold.

Ah ! though we stand high as a true Christian race,
 These foul blots stamp on us a lasting disgrace !

Mother NICH. wants to know where the sorters must
 fly,
 To which I will now very briefly reply.
 There will still be as much, if not more, wool to sort,
 Though perhaps some decrease in the goods we export ;
 For, for every ten, whom the master employs,
 Working twelve hours a day, whether females or boys,
 If SADLER's true bill only gets into force,
 Full twelve will be wanted, where ten are of course.
 The number of hands that will then be call'd in,
 (Whose tatter'd apparel scarce covers their skin,
 And which is a disgrace for a Briton to wear,
 Where goods are made cheap to export far and near,)
 These, too, would augment the demand for our wool,
 Which sorters do sort—and which combers do pull ;
 For Britons will never in rags long appear,
 If they can obtain decent clothing to wear.
 Though Mother NICH says she knows something of trade,
 I believe she does not, if the truth were but said ;

Though she for the sake of obtaining some pelf,
 Will state what she knows to be error itself.
 Let the dame be compell'd but to live in a town,
 Where wool and flax masters are men of renown,
 And send her poor children to piece and to fill,
 They soon would cry out—"O! I feel very ill."
 Or, if their employment should happen to be
 The spreading of line in a Flax Factory,
 Their cheeks would grow pale, and their eyes become
 dim,
 Or their backs soon grow crooked—their limbs are so
 slim.

Who, then, can a system like this ever praise,
 Which maims little children while hundreds it slays?
 I fearlessly say neither Heathen nor 'Turk
 Would thus force their children to suffer and work.
 E'en in Ireland, where much of distress does abound,
 Such dire scenes as these are not to be found.
 Perhaps this humane "Mother" will hastily say,
 Then let SADLER'S Bill pass without any delay;
 Since the Factory System has got to that pitch
 Which makes one class poor and the other not rich.
 But this is not all the effect it produces,
 For it heaps on its victims a load of abuses;
 And hard is that heart—yea, harder than stone,
 Which bleeds not for infants who plaintively moan;
 Such work at the factory their parents to feed,
 When of comforts at home they themselves stand in need.
 But here these great evils, alas, do not stop,
 For the children oft work till exhausted they drop;

Their poor worn out frames become stricken with death,
They linger awhile, and then yield up their breath.

Oh Britons ! I pray you to pity the fate
Of these poor little bairns—who work early and late ;
And let not the nations around have to say,
Humanity's gone—that we've sent her away !
Let OASTLER, still firm in the cause, persevere,
Though a POET may hiss—and a PRINTER may sneer ;
Nor cease till he wipes from Britannia's fair name,
The reproach of oppression that sullies her fame.

Ye Reverends who war with true weapons of might,
Support worthy SADLER, for he's in the right ;
His cause would do honour to Christian-men all,
But who *side* with the *Monster* shall *share* his downfall

Let Parliament, then, who the laws undertake,
Enact a new law for the poor children's sake ;
Which shall free them henceforth from oppression and
wrong,

And yield that relief which they've sigh'd for so long.
I do really believe that this ten-hour plan,
Would better the master as well as the man ;
Which I will endeavour to prove, by the bye,
Though others may say what I state is a lie.
The masters themselves have brought on this curse,
And the consequence is, things get worse and worse ;
So that soon, if there be not a remedy found,
They will not long pay twenty shillings i'th' pound.

To such an extent they have laid out their cash,
 In building great places and making a dash ;
 With costly machines they are stock'd well within,
 With horses they slub, and with mules they do spin ;
 Which things I approve of as being of use,
 Though I greatly lament o'er their frequent abuse ;
 For while they are left without bridle or curb,
 The sleep of poor infants whole nights they disturb :
 And what's the result of thus working long hours ?
 The value of goods in the market it lowers ;
 When demands from the buyers begin to grow slack,
 They'll sell them for less—rather than take them back ;
 Then what must this system produce in the end ?
 Naught but failure in masters without dividend.
 But if our employers their own interest knew,
 They'd not suffer their engines to run the night through ;
 For human machines are so given to dream,
 That when night cometh on, then down goes the steam.
 If masters would lend unto reason an ear,
 They'd gain more I believe by some hundreds a-year ;
 For to them it pertains the markets to guide,
 By keeping the trade in a regular tide ;
 Against competition they loudly exclaim,
 When 'tis they that create it to widen their fame.
 Yet true as the sun in the heavens doth shine,
 An overstock'd market makes prices decline ;
 I hope all ye masters these evils will see,
 And resolve from such blunders to set yourselves free.
 Let Av'rice to Mercy from henceforth give place,
 And shew yourselves friends to a poor infant race ;

Declare ye that children shall never more be
 Us'd worse than the Blacks whom you wish to set free ;
 A sketch I could draw that would redden with shame
 The cheek of each Briton, if worthy that name ;
 But as I myself am of British extraction,
 I'll refrain for the present to deal in detraction.

Yet further a little I'll spin out my rhyme,
 To shew that men wish to work much shorter time ;
 For before this vile system commenc'd, we well know,
 They could fatten a pig, and oft milk a fine cow.
 A small manufact'ry was then in their cot,
 Which yielded them bacon to boil in their pot ;
 They had looms, then, and jennies, and bobbins to wind,
 The product of which ready markets did find.
 Though clothing was dear, and provisions cost more,
 They could save from their earnings and lay up in store.
 They had beds to lie down on, and blankets to cover,
 Their sleep was refreshing, whilst round them did hover
 (In fancy's fair dreams), the delights of those days
 When the Sun of Prosperity shot forth his rays !
 THEN plenty and peace prevail'd through the nation,
 Whilst *long* hours and *short* wages now prove our
 vexation.

The system thus changed, you plainly may see
 That we slaves to the fact'ries are destin'd to be ;
 Such plans as the present would sap the foundation,
 And ruin the state of the wealthiest nation.

'Though masters may meet with intention to pass
 Resolutions to injure the poor working class ;
 And NEDDY may bray because saddled too tight,
 And like a great Ass try his OSTLER to fright ;
 For whene'er his rough hide *he* is currying down,
 NEDDY kicks up his heels—and aims at his crown.
 POOR NEDDY ! thy efforts are paltry and vain,
 Howe'er thou may'st kick, or by braying complain,
 Thy OSTLER ne'er heeds thee, for asses, he knows,
 Can but shew their displeasure by braying and blows.
 'Though foes should assay to torment us in spite,
 Should they tauntingly scorn—to provoke us outright,
 Round OASTLER our General, we'll patiently meet,
 Nor e'er faint in our minds till the victory's complete.

Though a Bard may tell untruths and sow party seeds,
 And from *Mercury's* Office dispense them o'er Leeds ;
 (Whence, nothing but thistles of coarse Scottish kind,
 Spring up to be blown by foul calumny's wind),
 To blast all *our* prospects and wither our joys,
 While in truth his *own* honour it only destroys.
 Yet the *Mercury*, too, would attempt to deceive
 E'en the County of York, if it's lies they'd believe.
 And wantonly strive to make SADLER appear
 A mere nominee—without heart—insincere ;
 A hypocrite, liar,—just the friend of a day,
 Who of principle void, will e'er long cast away
 His newly born zeal, and pretended concern
 For the poor—whom he hopes will soon make a return,

And help him to step up the ladder of fame,
When as Member for Leeds he shall offer his name.

Nay, NEDDY, assertions, unfounded like these,
Will fail all your sensible readers to please ;
Spite, envy, and jealousy, prompt you to say
What you're safe to repent of yet many a day ;
Why then should you seek others' fame to destroy ;
You had better more wisely your talents employ.
But I've heard it reported here up in the north,
'That YOUR PORTRAIT in SADLER'S is *only* set forth ;
That beholding yourself in the glass of reflection,
You drew your *own* picture, nor thought of detection ;
When the name of good SADLER you ventur'd to
place
Underneath—to your present and lasting disgrace !

But stop, lest I seem to be dipping my pen
In what only belongs to political men ;
For though as a father my child I'd defend
From wrong—and oppression—I never intend
To trouble my brain with political lore,
Though the state of this nation I truly deplore.

Ye Sons of Commerce near allied to knaves,
Who by oppression make our infants slaves ;
If you, through life, in retrospect we view,
What moral virtues can we find in you ?
Take a survey through this once happy isle,
Where peace, content, and plenty once did smile,

Industry, then domestic comforts knew,
 But now such comforts are enjoy'd by few.
 Let those who of this system loudly boast,
 View the pin'd wretch just like a walking ghost ;
 Then prove that such do vig'rous health possess,
 Or can in decent clothing always dress.
 Ah ! proofs like these they never can produce,
 Yet still the evils they will not reduce ;
 But working men do know, and feel likewise,
 How empty bellies keep unclos'd the eyes ;
 In silence these you cannot longer keep,
 While infants work when they should be asleep.
 Stern justice now demands the parent's aid,
 To drive oppression from the factory trade ;
 While children, in one universal cry,
 Make SADLER's name to echo through the sky ;
 And OASTLER, too, with voice so clear and loud,
 Calls forth the feelings of the listening crowd.
 E'en Doctors use their efforts and their skill,
 With indignation every heart to fill
 Against this system foul, and deep disgrace,
 That stamps deformity on Britain's race.
 The meeting in the Cloth-Hall-Yard at Leeds,
 Beat up the tyrants and expos'd their deeds.
 At Bradford they came forth in dread array,
 But soon were glad to march another way ;
 For soon as OASTLER in the ring appear'd,
 His foes shrunk back—the crowd his efforts cheer'd ;
 Alas poor T—PS—N ! he was struck with fear
 To see the Hero hail'd with such a cheer.

Although that strange and shameless NICHOLSON
 Calls OASTLER Moon, and T—PS—N glorious
 Sun ;

Yet truth shall break through lies of blackest hue,
 And shew the man how false ! how abject too !

Though tyrants still resolve that they will be
 Hard tyrants yet—nor set the children free,
 But still will have our infants at command,
 Whene'er for goods there is a brisk demand ;
 When work is wanted, they will have it done,
 If through the night the engine has to run !
 And yet they say the balance shall be just,
 If we in them will only put our trust !!!
 But how can we e'er trust in them again,
 While we perceive the end they would obtain ?
 Upon the cruel rack they shall not fix
 Our children longer than from six to six.
 The sword of justice now contends with might,
 'Gainst all oppression, whether Black or White,
 And while on earth there does a slave remain,
 'Twill not return into its sheath again.
 For 'tis the wish of all the working class
 That SADLER'S Bill into a law should pass ;
 Yea, all their cry is now, and will be still,
 The Bill we'll have, and nothing but the BILL.

From trade I'll turn and now address the men
 Whom Airedale's Poet taunted with his pen.

The Parsons he would fain in fetters bind,
 And to the pulpit keep them close confin'd ;
 With feign'd Humanity he now declares,
 They only ought to preach and read the prayers ;
 That they our meetings never should attend,
 But their spare time within their studies spend.
 Thus he in vain and hollow sounding lines
 Attempts to make them idle false Divines ;
 In their behalf howe'er I shall and must,
 Shew such assertions to be most unjust ;
 For faithful shepherds never will behold
 Poor tender lambs devour'd within the fold ;
 They whose delight it is their charge to keep,
 Will keep the wolves asunder from the sheep.

E'en Surgeons are not suffer'd to escape
 The shameful slanders of that silly Ape ;
 A silly Ape indeed !—so false and fickle,
 'Twould serve him right to shave him with a sickle.
 During the time that he at Fixby staid,
 He warmly ridiculed the factory trade ;
 And for the scraps of rhyme that he had spun
 About the mills that such long hours did run,
 Receiv'd five pounds, which *then* he did profess
 “ Was more than due—he'd be content with less.”
 But when this rhyming money he had drunk,
 And he to poverty again was sunk,
 He straight resolv'd to get a few more gills,
 By writing for the masters of the mills.

POOR PARTY FOOL—go hide thy shameless face,
And never more thy native land disgrace !

As for the foolish poem thou hast writ,
It shews thee double, and devoid of wit.
Read but four lines in them, 'tis plainly shewn,
That thou hast written what thou hast not known.
—Thou say'st, “ if we intend to pay our rent,
“ Our children must unto the mills be sent ;
“ That we're compell'd, as all men will agree,
“ To send our infants to the factory.”
Again, if I a little further read,
Thou contradicts thyself in very deed,
By stating *that* thou know'st to be untrue,
Things false as hell !—things which we cannot do.
Thou say'st 'tis optional, that we may send
“ Our bairns to th' mill, or th' school,” and dost contend
For right and wrong in one unhallowed breath.
Thus falleth from thy brow the faded wreath
With which thou hadst adorned thy luckless head !
—Take a FOOL'S CAP, and wear IT in its stead !!

And if again thou choosest rhyme to spin,
Take care to clear thy brain from fumes of gin ;
For drunkenness, 'tis plain enough to see,
Destroys alike thy sense and memory.

To MOTHER NICH.—another word I'll say,
—Your poem from the truth runs far astray ;
Nothing have you to back your worthless cause,
You'd wiser been if you had made a pause,

Ere you thus ventur'd vainly to assert
 " 'The Factory Bill would meet with no support."
 'Tis strangely false, as ought that e'er was said,
 But for thy lies thou hopest to be paid !
 I need not spend much time, howe'er, to shew
 Thy actions base, and cowardly, and low.
 For all thy words and ways do make it plain
 Thou only zealous art for SORDID GAIN.

As Airedale's Bard so often would be drinking,
 Complain not if I say what I've been thinking ;
 Drunkards are seldom ever found at work,
 They love in Tom and Jerry shops to lurk ;
 And 'tis lamentable, I'll tell you truly,
 That drinking men are oftentimes unruly.

As for myself, although I'm not a courter
 Of party men—I am a firm supporter
 Of Whigs—and Tories, when they take in hand
 Such measures as will benefit our land.
 Let Party Spirit, then, for ever slumber,
 And all unite as rivers in the Humber.
 Let now the efforts of your humble Bard,
 In Mercy's triumph share a rich reward.
 And may these precious ones we would defend,
 Your pity prove—whilst on your heads descend
 Heaven's choicest gifts—to make you doubly blest,
 PEACE while on earth—then EVERLASTING REST.

The masters are afraid that we,
 Whose wages are so small,
 Cannot those future evils see
 Which on our heads will fall.

They say that we shall never more
 Be able to maintain
 Our children as we could before
 This Bill we did obtain.

Thus they appear most truly kind
 To us who sweat and toil ;
 But are their words not empty wind,
 Our real friends to foil ?

Such false dissembling friends would fain
 Make all us poor believe,
 That if the Bill we should obtain,
 We shall have cause to grieve.

That though low wages now they pay,
 They'll be reduc'd to less ;
 And numbers must be turn'd away,
 Quite hopeless in distress.

Now where's the man of sense, I ask,
 But sees this is a trick ?
 It bears upon its face the mark
 Of *their* arithmetic !

I am no scholar, I admit,
For I left school at seven ;
But still I have sufficient wit,
To know ten from eleven.

And we who early work and late,
Can judge by what we see ;
But when with SOME we calculate,
We never can agree.

Though masters wages may reduce,
As they already hint,
We know they practice such abuse,
'Tis time they had a stint.

For sixteen hours poor children work,
While parents idle are ;
'Twould fret the heart of any Turk,
To see their grief and care.

But let this Bill pass into law,
Which limits hours to ten ;
And from the streets it soon would draw
Whole herds of idle men.

With labourers and mechanics too,
A change it would produce ;
Wages would rise, and not a few,
To work it would induce.

Provisions then we might obtain,
And decent clothing wear ;
Industry, drunkards would restrain,
And check their mad career.

What happy consequences then
Would flow out on mankind ;
Then idlers would be working men,
And peace and comfort find.

Our children then to school might go,
And learn to sew and read ;
The good results which thence would flow,
To tell we scarcely need.

I do not say this Bill will all
These blessings bring at once ;
Who such a thing asserts—I'll call
A blockhead, or a dunce.

But one thing I may boldly say,
It cannot make us worse ;
Our gold they'll never take away,
For—empty is our purse.

Some masters fain would go between,
And catch us in a snare ;
But we their wily arts have seen,
And will not flinch a hair.

So gentlemen we tell you plain,
 Your arms ye may lay down ;
 For every day recruits we gain,
 In country and in town.

While OASTLER chief command will take,
 We never will desert ;
 E'en though we anchor in a lake,
 Each man will prove alert.

And with fresh courage will attack,
 Whoever dares come near ;
 Then slip our cables in a crack,
 And onward boldly steer.

THE FACTORY CHILD'S HYMN.

Behold our Slave-Redeemer stands,
 Upon Saint Stephen's ground ;
 Declaring he will loose the bands,
 Wherewith poor slaves are bound.

Hark how his voice doth rise and fall,
 We children to defend ;
 Whose utmost powers are weak and small,
 Yet to the yoke must bend.

Though he by foes is now assail'd,
 He still will persevere ;
 Jesus upon the Cross was nail'd,
 And will his servant cheer.

His name on record still shall be,
 When in the grave he lies ;
 For infants in each factory,
 Will laud it to the skies.

From shore to shore may SADLER's name,
 In rapt'rous praise resound ;
 Whilst OGLESBY's and OASTLER's fame
 Re-echo all around.

And BODDINGTON and BULL's therewith,
 With REYROUX and JOHN WOOD ;
 And ISAAC, HAMILTON, and SMITH,*
 Who with our VICAR stood.

Ten thousand infants' tongues shall tell
 Of their benevolence ;
 Long as they upon earth do dwell,
 And after they're gone hence.

May He who all things did create,
 Assist our righteous cause :

* Nor let me THACKRAH's honoured name forget,
 Though with my rugged rhyme it may not hit

Who doth in justice legislate,
Whose truth shines in His laws.

And if our freedom we obtain,
Oh may we ever be
Thankful to those who will maintain
Our cause to victory.

We wait in hope that time to see,
When tyranny shall cease ;
When every captive shall be free,
On earth, good-will and peace.

THE END.

SONG OF THE FACTORY CHILDREN.

(CONTRIBUTED BY A MOTHER.)

I.

Hail thou bright auspicious morning,
When from Slavery set free,
We shall see the blissful dawning
Of our future liberty ;
TRUTH, a tree of heavenly planting,
Springs not forth from nature's soil,
Yet shall it prevail, supplanting
All that would its progress foil !

II.

TRUTH shall silence all opposers,
Truth shall bring dark deeds to light,
TRUTH and JUSTICE are exposers
Of inglorious scenes at night !
Yes ! though evening shades may cover,
Night her sable mantle spread,
Yet shall Truth at once discover
Where the Tyrant's footsteps tread.

III.

TRUTH and MERCY now revealing
Secrets hidden heretofore,
Quickly rouse the public feeling,
Feeling never felt before !

And shall England—pride of nations !
 Wink at sins of deepest dye ?
 Or, in loudest acclamations,
 Mercy crown with victory ?

IV.

Who are MERCY's true supporters,
 Foremost in the ranks of fame,
 Freedom's champions, bold promoters
 Of their country's weal and name ?
 See, 'midst masters first advancing,
 Great in dignity and worth,
 Generous WOOD, with zeal enhancing
 Mercy's glorious reign on earth !

V.

Kind, benevolent, and tender,
 Towards the feeblest of mankind,
 He, unwearied, seeks to render,
 Comfort to the sorrowing mind ;
 Selfishness nor party feeling,
 E'er his noble mind controul,
 Ever in his life revealing
 True benignity of soul !

VI.

OASTLER then in field of action
 Boldly ventur'd to appear,
 Loud proclaiming each transaction,
 As it reached his listening ear ;

Stoutly he the cause defended,
 Of the little factory throng,
 And unceasingly attended
 To redress their grief and wrong !

VII.

He to fear a perfect stranger,
 Brav'd alike his way through all !
 Laugh'd at hindrances and danger,
 Nothing could his zeal appal !
 Still resolv'd to prove victorious,
 Hills and mountains melt away,
 While the Star of Hope, so glorious,
 Leads him on to win the day.

VIII.

FOSTER, too, a bold defender,
 Of poor infant children's rights ;
 Kindly did his service tender
 To abolish work at nights.
 PERRING, in the cause engaging
 Of Humanity and Right,
 Meets our foes, with fury raging,
 And soon he puts those foes to flight

IX.

See th' eloquent SADLER rising,
 To redeem us from our wrongs,
 Patriotic, enterprising,
 Lasting praise to him belongs ;

Hark, how he our cause is pleading !
 Hear him tell the world our woes !
 Soon his powerful interceding
 Shall avenge us of our foes.

X.

Noble SADLER—fame shall bear thee
 On her towering pinions high,
 She, impatient waits to crown thee,
 With the wreath of victory !
 May thy long untired researches
 To promote thy country's weal,
 Influence *all* the Christian churches
Now to imitate thy zeal.

XI.

May thy philanthropic spirit,
 Set Britannia in a blaze ;
 May her sons that zeal inherit,
 Which infants carol to thy praise :
 Yes ! to future generations,
 England shall remember thee,
 And in rapturous adulations,
Shout the name that sets them free !

HERNAMAN AND PERRING, PRINTERS, LEEDS.

**This book is DUE on the last
date stamped below**

2m-6,'52 (A1855)470

**THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES**





UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 378 057 4

